

Winter Apps #1488

by Adam

[_Fieled](#)

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liquor store, linoleum
floor, wine she chose
was always deep red,
dark, bitter aftertaste,
unlike her bare torso,
which has in it
all that ever was
of drunkenness—
to miss someone terribly,
to both still be in love, as
she severs things because
she thinks she must—
exquisite torture, it's
a different bare torso,
(my own) that's incarnadine—



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Word on a Wing



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